THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1900.

Telephone Calls.

Business Office......238 | Editorial Rooms......86

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY BY MAIL.

Daily only, one month........ $0.70
Daily only, three months........ 2.00
Daily only, one year........ 8.00
Daily, including Sunday, one year........ 10.00
Sunday only, one year........ 2.00

WHEN FURNISHED BY AGENTS.

Daily, per week, by carrier........ 15 cts
Sunday, single copy........ 5 cts
Daily and Sunday, per week, by carrier.... 20 cts

WEEKLY.

Per year........ $1.00

Reduced Rates to Clubs.

Subscribe with any of our numerous agents or send subscription to the

JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-page paper a ONE-CENT postage stamp; on a twelve or sixteen-page paper a TWO-CENT postage stamp. Foreign postage is usually double these rates.

All communications intended for publication in this paper must, in order to receive attention, be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is inclosed for that purpose.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

Can be found at the following places:
NEW YORK—Astor House and Fifth Avenue Hotel.

CHICAGO—Palmer House, P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street.
CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., 154 Vine street.
LOUISVILLE—C. T. Deering, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and Louisville Book Co., 256 Fourth avenue.

ST. LOUIS—Union News Company, Union Depot.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Riggs House, Ebbitt House and Willard's Hotel.

The American Economist has obtained returns from eleven religious denominations showing that during the prosperous year 1899 the amount of money deposited in church contribution boxes was 29.58 per cent. in excess of similar collections in 1895, which goes to show that prosperity is more conducive to religious work than the reverse.

Several clergymen, including one who has written two or three books that have had nearly as many purchasers as that of Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of Topeka, are in Washington lobbying to obtain legislation prohibiting Mormonism. If the Constitution of the United States should be read more than it is these men would know that Congress can no more legislate against Mormonism than against Methodism.

There is strong opposition in Cuba to Mgr. Sbaretti, the newly-appointed Catholic bishop of Havana. The people want a Cuban bishop, and they have been so long accustomed to the union of church and state that they are unable to see why Governor General Wood does not take a hand in the matter and give them the kind of a bishop they want. They will have to learn that as long as the United States retains control of affairs in Cuba there will be no mixing of church and state.

A reformer away down in Maine has evolved a scheme which he thinks will promote the brotherhood of man and expedite the coming of the social millennium. His plan is for one million men, including representatives of all branches of industry, to contribute $100 each for the formation of an industrial trust that shall fight all other trusts with their own weapons by manufacturing and distributing goods cheaper than they can. Of course the million men will fairly fall over one another in their eagerness to take stock in the scheme.

There is said to be a growing sentiment in Nicaragua among the prominent men in that country in favor of annexation to the United States. The Nicaraguans feel that when once their territory is divided by a canal controlled by a foreign nation, the canal would become a dominating feature to which all other considerations would be subordinated. Constantly harried by revolutions, the Nicaraguans would be glad to have the strong arm of the United States to preserve order. If Nicaragua were annexed all questions about the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would be settled, since, the country belonging to the United States, the canal would be as much an American waterway as any river in the United States.

A bill which the dairymen have had presented in Congress is designed to put a stop to the sale of renovated butter under the guise of fresh creamery butter, which, it is claimed, is rancid butter made over and put on the market for quick sales. According to this bill the renovated butter must be packed in tubs and boxes that have never been used before, and they must be properly labeled so that purchasers may know what they are buying. A tax of $600 is imposed upon manufacturers, $480 on wholesale dealers and $48 on retailers. An internal revenue of two cents a pound is imposed on the article itself. The purpose of the bill is to restrict the production of inferior butter and put it upon its merits.

Washington correspondents attribute to Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, of this city, much credit for bringing about the currency legislation which is now assured. He left for home on Friday, says a correspondent, "with the echoes of many congratulations ringing in his ears." In this work Mr. Hanna has simply performed a duty which he believed he owed the country as a citizen and a man of affairs. It will be said, if it has not been already, that Mr. Hanna is a banker and interested in national banks. Those who know him at home know him as the head of an extensive manufacturing enterprise having no connection with banks. They know him as a citizen whose public spirit and business capacity cause him to be held in honor and respect.

Those who declare that the rejection or modification of the treaty which the President has negotiated modifying the Clayton-Bulwer treaty will be a defeat which will damage the administration, have taken advice of their desire rather than of precedents, which are a safer guide. Treaties have frequently been rejected by the Senate, and the rejection has not impaired the influence of the President and secretary negotiating them. General Grant, when President, negotiated a treaty which involved the annexation of Hayti. He believed in it, and put forth all his influence to secure its ratification. It failed in the Senate. To secure a settlement of the Alabama claims against Great Britain, General Grant, as President, with the aid of his able secretary of state, Hamilton Fish, negotiated the treaty agreed to by a joint commission. Senator Sumner opposed ratification because he had a scheme of his own which would have involved the country in war with Great Britain if insisted on. That treaty was ratified by the Senate, although it was not popular. But the point is that General Grant, after being defeated by the failure to ratify one of those treaties and assailed bitterly while carrying the other, was unanimously renominated for President and received a larger electoral vote than any candidate for President has ever received.

MINISTERIAL FOIBLES

The Rev. J. A. Rondthaler has been telling his Chicago ministerial brethren what some of their weaknesses are. He did not get up in his pulpit and describe these faults and foibles for the public at large to wonder at, but called attention to them in that family gathering, the weekly ministers' meeting. The papers printed his remarks, and so it happens that the public learns that ministers do not observe all the minor morals. Mr. Rondthaler told them that among their faults are petty jealousies, clannishness and the launching of little darts that bear just a tinge of disparagement; also, that they indulge in faint-hearted praise, which is worse than no praise at all. Professional jealousy among lawyers, he assured his hearers, was almost a minus quantity—a statement which is open to some modification, however, and indicates that members of the legal fraternity have conducted themselves with discretion in his presence. With the exception of musicians, he declared, very truly, that doctors were the most jealous of all professional men. This is a notorious fact, a doctor who loses an opportunity to give a rival a verbal stab being a rare creature. "Musicians," said the speaker, "especially church musicians, defy all classification either in the list of virtue or of vice." This information, both as to musicians and preachers, is of interest, coming from so authoritative a source. It is, of course, an old story that church singers are like "Betsy and I," always "out," yet some who have not had dealings with them in their professional capacity may have thought them misrepresented by the tradition. But Mr. Rondthaler, who has had long experience with them, knows that they have no love for each other and are at no pains to conceal the lack. And it is somewhere between musicians and doctors, he says, that ministers are to be classed.

Who that has not studied the profession would have thought it? Most persons number among their acquaintances quite a list of lawyers, not a few doctors, and more musicians than they can count at the first attempt; while, as a rule, they know but one minister at a time and are perhaps not favored with his society frequently. Consequently, they are less familiar with the foibles peculiar to men of his calling than might be the case and may even regard such men as free from the little weaknesses common among followers of other professions. But when they come to reflect upon the subject, possibly they will recall that these spiritual pastors and masters as they come along, one by one, have at least not been given to eulogizing the brethren of the cloth, and that it is most difficult to secure from one of them a distinct approval of a fellow-minister who may be under consideration as the occupant of a rival pulpit. Mr. Rondthaler is quoted as saying that he is not animated by personal feeling, for so far as he knows he never suffered from the faint praise which condemns, and never but once asked the aid of another minister in opening the way to a church. He adds, however, with considerable significance: "I will never make such request again." This inference that ministers do not help each other's advancement is more severe than the other arraignment, for even doctors and musicians will work for the promotion of members of their respective professions—when they do not want the place themselves. There is a professional clannishness with them that overcomes personal jealousies.

Perhaps the outside public has no rightful concern with professional weaknesses that affect only the brethren themselves, but such disclosures are at least interesting and will serve as the basis of some speculation. The reflective and curious will ask, for instance, if the limitations of the calling, the absence of rough contact with the world, give to ministers a narrowness of vision that hinders them from discovering or overcoming their own weaknesses; also, if these limitations tend to the development of the feminine quality which puts a personal measure upon all the events of life. It is worth while to note that these sins of the parsons, as pointed out by one of their number, belong to Chicago brethren. The speaker, who spent many years as the incumbent of an Indianapolis pulpit, was not moved to such rebuke while here.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND EXPANSION.

In this paper will be found the views of James Bryce regarding the political effects of the construction of the Nicaragua canal upon the United States. Since Mr. Bryce gave his "American Commonwealth" to the American people he has needed no introduction to the most intelligent readers in this country. All of them may not share his conclusions, but all accept the fact of his broad intelligence, his wonderful discrimination and his impartial spirit. Consequently, whatever this publicist may give to the people is read with greater interest than is that of most men who discuss the problems of world-wide politics.

It will be noticed in the first place that Mr. Bryce believes that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is in full force. He does not discuss the matter, but assumes that a treaty is a treaty until abrogated. If he thought otherwise he would freely express that opinion. The plain inference from his remarks is that the United States had no right to enter upon the construction of the Nicaragua canal until the right to do so had been conceded by Great Britain. Furthermore, Mr. Bryce evidently regards the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a concession to the United States for which no consideration has been given. Most intelligent Americans will consider the opinion of this learned and judicial publicist as being of greater value than that of some of their very ardent fellow-countrymen who affirm with much certainty that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty has no binding force.

Mr. Bryce bases his observation of the effect of the construction of the Nicaragua canal upon the results which have already followed the opening of the Suez canal, of which the British government obtained control early in the history of the enterprise. These results thus far have been more important politically than commercially. The possession of the Suez canal made it imperative that Great Britain should control the adjacent territory; consequently British troops occupy Egypt, and the country is ruled, and well ruled, by natives, under British supervision. From the possession of the canal and the rivalry of France, England, in the name of Egypt, has made the conquest of the Upper Nile. To the opening of the Suez canal Mr. Bryce attributes England's East African ambitions—results which no British statesman dreamed of twenty years ago.

Mr. Bryce seems to assume that these results, so far as England is concerned, are the natural result of the possession of the Suez canal—that to maintain possession rendered her supremacy in Egypt imperative. Her possession is essential to the maintenance of British authority in India. Reasoning by analogy, Mr. Bryce foresees that if the United States is to own and control the proposed Nicaragua canal, it must occupy the territory, at least at both ends, and that such occupation will in all probability lead to the control of the "military tyrannies of Central America which are called republics." Therefore, in the judgment of Mr. Bryce, the desire for expansion in this country was not born of the war with Spain, but had its real inception when the American people, for commercial advantages, decided in party conventions that the United States must pierce the continent with a canal. The American people may not have dreamed of controlling other lands when the importance of constructing an isthmian canal impressed itself upon them. Before we heard from Mr. Bryce there was talk by those opposed to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of fortifying the canal so as to prevent foreign interference. What does fortifying imply if not the full control of the territory? The mere construction and operation of the canal means that thousands of Americans or other intelligent and forceful men must reside along the route of the canal—is it probable that they will submit to the "military tyrannies" of the rulers in that region? If not, if the American people are frightened by the cry of imperialism, they should read Mr. Bryce and decide not to pierce the isthmus with a canal.

LOVING CUPS AND TEAPOTS.

The Journal has frequently had occasion to come to the defense of women against the charge that they have no sense of humor, but it must be acknowledged that every now and then they do things which can only be accounted for on the theory that they have no comprehension of the ridiculous. There, for example, is a woman's club of Burlington, Ia., which has passed resolutions condemning the practice of presenting loving cups as tributes of esteem and affection, and suggesting that ornamental teapots be used to perform the functions of the condemned vessels. The club members hold that the loving cup is "conducive to intemperance and destructive of the happiness of thousands of American homes."

It would be interesting to know how many of those women ever saw one of the loving cups that commonly figure as tributes of esteem, or, having seen one, how often they have known it to be used as a drinking vessel. The picture before their minds is evidently that of a small receptacle so ornamented that it invites and almost compels conviviality, and that, passed from hand to hand and constantly refilled with wine or stronger liquor, is irresistible. When the loving cup was first devised it was put to just such use, but as now known to commerce, to gift givers and gift recipients of to-day it is quite a different sort of thing. Its size depends somewhat, of course, on the amount of money the donors wish to spend, but, as a general thing, they secure a sufficient fund to provide a "cup" the size of a family soup tureen and of a weight that would prevent any one save a Sandow lifting it to his lips and drinking from it. It suggests convivality about as much as does an ice pitcher. It is symbolical, and symbolical only, of good cheer. The givers are apt to be cheered by contemplation of it, feeling that they have done a neat thing in its bestowal, but the owner is apt to have a secret sense of affliction and does not know what to do with his new possession. And if it is small is it used for drinking purposes in these days of microbes and health boards—in these days when the common communion cup and the schoolhouse tin dipper are alike frowned upon? Nay, nay, women of Burlington, the loving cup as it now exists does not tempt to intoxication nor lead to the breaking up of homes. Nothing, not even the teapot, is more harmless.

As for the teapot as a substitute, it might or might not have its advantages. The housewife could make more practical use of it, or, on the other hand, the man of the house could keep anything in it he chose with no room for suspicion. Is it not even asserted now that frequenters of congressional restaurants have all their beverages served to them in teacups in order to deceive too watchful eyes that may be fixed upon them? With the substitution of the teapot for the loving cup would not this dangerous fashion be encouraged? Everything considered, perhaps it will be as well if the teapot is retained in the seclusion of the domestic cupboard.

General Anderson, who was the first commander of American troops at Manila, has been to the trouble to consider one by one the statements of Aguinaldo in his pamphlet and the brochure addressed to the honorable members of the United States Senate. General Anderson shows that all of them that are of any importance are lies. No one at any time recognized him as dictator of the Philippines. The story to the effect that the Spanish seized American cannon which Aguinaldo's men recaptured is denied on the ground that the Spaniards never captured an American gun. General Anderson declares that the single shot of an American soldier was instantly answered by Filipino volleys of musketry along two miles of their front, showing that the insurgent leaders adopted that method to bring on a collision. General Anderson is not sure that American occupation of the Philippines will pay, but thinks it will be a blessing to the Filipinos.

There has been a good deal in the papers of late about lyddite shells, and some persons have wondered just what they are and why they are so called. Lyddite is one of the newest explosives, its invention having been announced in the latter part of the year 1898. It derives its name from the town of Lyddite in Germany, where the inventor lives. The explosive is said to have seven times the destructive power of dynamite, besides being cheaper and safer to handle. When burned in the open air lyddite will vanish with a bright flame, but without exploding. It is only when confined in an airtight space like the interior of a torpedo tube or projectile and exploded by detonation that its tremendous destructive force is developed. Another advantage claimed for lyddite over dynamite is that it does not make gunners sick to handle it. In loading dynamite the gunners get some of the nitroglycerin on their hands which gives them nausea until it is washed off; and after the firing the men are compelled to wait for twenty or twenty-five minutes to allow the sickening vapors to pass off before they can approach the gun to reload. With lyddite this waste of valuable time is avoided.

Play after play which defied decency has been produced in New York during the past three years and those interesting guardians of public morals, the New York World and Journal, have made no protests. Suddenly their sensibilities received a shock and they are now engaged in the prosecution of Miss Nethersole for the production of a play which, according to all accounts, is no worse, though perhaps more stupid, than a dozen that have gone before and two or three others now on the New York stage. Judging by the crowds which continue to flock to see and applaud her, Miss Nethersole could ask for no better advertisement.

American newspapers have hitherto held the palm for business enterprise. Extra editions, special trains to bring them to points distant from the place of publication at an early hour, important news obtained regardless of cost—all these are old stories in this country. It has remained, however, for a London paper to do one thing not yet undertaken by an American publisher, namely, to telegraph the entire contents of the paper, column by column, headlines and all, to another town and have the matter reset and published there for local use. This is what Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is now doing with his paper, the London Mail. Manchester is 183 miles from London, and, do the best he could, the Mail printed at the London office could not be distributed in the other city until after the local papers had been delivered. Therefore he leased five direct wires, established a printing plant in the outskirts of Manchester, had the matter telegraphed as fast as it was put in type, and now the Mail goes to press almost simultaneously in both cities. It is a great bit of enterprise, but probably only Mr. Harmsworth knows whether it is profitable or not. The Mail is a paper in that enviable position where it has an enormous circulation and a financial independence which enable it to accept advertisements on condition that they shall go in only when space permits.

A New York legislator has introduced a bill to class hatpins as dangerous weapons, and has submitted statistics from the police records showing that in the hands of the virago the hatpin is capable of great execution. In the same hands a broomstick or flatiron may be equally dangerous, but never will male legislator propose a law to take these implements from woman's hands. They belong by too strong tradition to woman's "sacred sphere." How would it do to pass a law to abolish the virago?

Mrs. Langtry has had her feelings hurt by society women of Philadelphia. Judging by the unconcerned manner in which she has received snubs from society women elsewhere her sensibilities must have got a terrible whack in Mr. Wanamaker's town.

Senator Chauncey Depew holds Cardinal Gibbons up to scorn for his recent criticism of women, and says women are all right. Let them now take courage and go on living.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Czar has presented a new yacht to Prince George of Greece, who saved his life in Japan some years ago.

Schliemann owned two palaces in Athens. One of these, in the Phidias street, has been purchased by the German government for 400,000 drachmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, it is announced, have sailed from Southampton for South Africa, taking with them Lady Henry Somerset's son, who was also with Davis and Winston Churchill in South America.

A fund is being gathered in Geneva, O., to build a public library as a memorial to Platt Rogers Spencer, the teacher of penmanship, who was a native of that town. It is desired to have the building ready for dedication in 1901, the centenary of Spencer's birth.

Richard Harding Davis stopped long enough in London to tell the English how the war should be fought. "This war," he assured an interviewer, "will teach your soldiers that it is foolish to think one can overcome the engines of modern warfare by mere personal daring."

A crowd of Missouri politicians broke the rule recently and went to church. When the contribution box reached them the one on the end threw a silver dollar in it, and, turning to the others, who were digging in their pockets for some change, he said: "Never mind, boys; this is all paid for."

Senator Vest is a Missourian almost by mistake. He was on his way to California in 1853 to practice law there, was snowbound at Georgetown, Mo., and, not being too well supplied with money, decided to practice there for the rest of the winter. He did so well that he gave up the Pacific slope plan.

Shortly before he left for South Africa G. W. Steevens, the war correspondent, was asked by an editor of a magazine what he wanted to do when he was a boy. He answered that his first ambition was to be a green grocer, then to be a pork butcher, and finally he decided to become the lord chancellor of England.

On the tomb of John Ruskin's father, at Shirley, near Corydon, England, is the following characteristic epitaph, placed there by his devoted son: "He was an entirely honest merchant and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak the truth, says this of him."

Prof. William James, the eminent psychologist of Harvard, says: "I began to be interested in psychology when I first, as a very small boy, began to read for myself. Of course, the science was called 'Mental Philosophy' then, but arid as it was in those days, it was my favorite study just as literature was that of my brother, Henry James."

In describing Rudyard Kipling's recent effort at speechmaking the London Academy says: "When he showed face in the school room—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbors cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. He had evidently learned his little speech by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The Big Englanders will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford sailed yesterday for Italy. He will carry back to his home in Corrento a certain marine document which is possessed by no amateur yachtsman. This is a certificate issued by the United States Marine Board which permits Mr. Crawford to command any ship on any ocean. To obtain the paper the author passed a severe examination. This is entirely distinct from the not uncommon certificate possessed by yachtsmen which enables them to command their own yachts on any ocean. From the wording of Mr. Crawford's certificate it appears that about the only craft afloat that the bearer of it cannot command are men-of-war and transatlantic liners.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

The Interval of Peace.

"Do you do any penance during Lent, Aunt Minerva?"

"Yes; I quit mixing up with the church rows."

A Constant Worshiper.

As Lent comes on, and I my creed
Would ask myself, there is no need—
'Tis as it was this time last year—
I kneel to thee, O Doris, dear.

Financial Luck.

"Did you find any bargains at that prelenten church bazar, Simpkins?"

"Bargains? I got a two-cent popcorn ball for a dollar and a half."

Reflex Benefit.

Brown—Well, are you arranging any Lenten discipline for yourself, Mr. Jones?

Jones—Yes; I'm going to try not to get mad at my wife for going to church so much.

A Boarding House Expert.

"How's your new cook?"

"She's great. She cooks prunes so you can't tell 'em from dried peaches, and she cooks dried peaches so you can't tell them from prunes."

Choice of Chores.

Oh, if I knew a preacher who an editor would be,
I'd counsel him to try it, and stay with him just to see
The great result; for well I wot, from what I know of men,
He'd find his pulpit restful after tussling with the pen.

Footnotes.

Unless the modern novel is both moral and immoral it doesn't interest the general public.

Hope doesn't pay its debts, but it always keeps its creditors in unbounded good humor.

Women who worry get the blues in February by trying on their last year's shirtwaists.

Winter would be all right if it was summer, and summer would be all right if it was winter.

An optimist is sometimes only a pessimist who keeps his pessimism a dead secret even from himself.

Woman can smile with a breaking heart, but when her sleeve catches on a door-knob she gets mad.

This is a bargain world, my masters, and lots of people expect lenten discipline at reduced rates.

New $18 silk petticoats will be mad at being mistaken for the endless-chain 20-cent coupon kind.

Girls nowadays don't often kill themselves jumping rope while some other girl counts three hundred.

It is rude to interrupt, but there is no law against suddenly finding out that it is time to be somewhere else.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Grant Allen, the widow of the novelist, is about to open a bookshop in London's West End.

Speaking of popular novels, James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible" is said to have sold in England and America to the extent of 500,000 copies.

Most people, when they speak of decadent literature, include some of Tolstoi's works—for instance, "The Kreutzer Sonata"—but the Russian evidently does not count himself in the list with Ibsen and the rest.

Edmund Clarence Stedman asserts that he leaves Wall street to devote his time to literature in better health than for a long while. "I feel equal," he says, "to long and hard work, and I have always found literary work more tiring than any other kind."

A volume of poems by Alonzo Leora Rice is soon to be issued by a New York house. Its title will be "In Forest Temples," and it will have an introduction by Mr. Charles Major and an epilogue by Frank L. Stanton. Most of the poems first appeared in the columns of the Journal.

An English paper says the book trade in that country has been greatly injured by the war in South Africa. "Never has there been a time," it says, "when a breezy, optimistic novel had such a chance as at the present moment. It is the only kind of reading that is really wanted." This is a kind of novel that is always in demand. The element of cheerfulness is what made "David Harum"—not a great novel in any sense—so popular.

According to the London Academy the late Mr. G. W. Steevens left behind him enough material to make a book on "The Siege of Ladysmith," which is to be published at an early date. It will consist of the letters he sent home from his arrival at Cape Town till the day when he was struck down by enteric fever and could write no more. At a later date a volume will be issued containing his London, Paris and Berlin letters. A memorial edition of his works will be published towards the close of the year with a memoir by Mr. W. E. Henley.

Tolstoi, who is feeble and is aware that his life is drawing to a close, has been giving his opinions of the contemporary drama and literature. The former is decadent, he believes, and the latter already practically dead; "the daily press has destroyed it." He has just read Ibsen's latest drama, "When We Who Are Dead Awaken," and says it is "simply a delirium and is devoid of life, character and dramatic action. Thirty-five years ago such a drama would have been stifled by a cutting parody in the press, and the piece would have been ridiculed to death. How can one now speak of the serious tasks before the theater? They are at an end."

A New York writer, in commenting on a recent literary imposition worked upon a well-known book-publishing firm, says: "The editors of our leading magazines are men of letters, yet they cannot afford to rely for safety from imposition upon their knowledge of Anglo-Saxon verse. The only practicable safeguard has come to be the asking of satisfactory references from all would-be new contributors to their pages, and this system also prevails to a large extent in the offices of publishing houses. Wide as is the field of literary dishonesty, it is, so far as can be judged, but sparingly worked. And the few who have it to themselves do not appear to thrive."

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Men always begin to differ when they begin to think.—Ram's Horn.

I desire no future that will break the ties of the past.—George Eliot.

I am more and more impressed with the duty of finding happiness.—The Humanitarian.

Women at a bargain rush behave no worse than men at a railway lunch counter.—Feminine Observer.

Nobody can give you wiser advice than yourself; you will never err if you listen to your own suggestions.—Cicero.

People can't grow unless they have a chance to stretch now and then—men and women any more than babies—A. D. T. Whitney.

Why is it that a man always gets mad when you chance to remind him of a fault he knows he possesses?—Philadelphia Times.

Nobody should hold enmity towards his fellerman, but if dere am one man above another I kin nebber furgive it's de pusson who raises my bid at an auction sale when I'm calkerlatin' to git a $6 carpet fur 30 cents.—Brother Gardner.

Study mental hygiene. Take long doses of dolce far niente and be in no hurry about anything in the universal world. —The Humanitarian.

It is easy for woman to love her neighbor when that neighbor wears an older and cheaper looking bonnet than hers.—Philadelphia Record.

There is something wrong with a theology that is saved from intellectual contempt only by respect for its subject matter.—Rev. Frank Crane.

The romance has begun to fade from love's young dream when a girl no longer objects to having her lover see her in curl papers.—Philadelphia Times.

I nebber yit found a man askin' fur charity who couldn't figger out dat eberybody but hisself was to blame fur his bein' hard up.—Brother Gardner.

To make a friend, don't do him a good turn, for he will be ungrateful; let him do you one, that he may enjoy the anticipation of gratitude.—Harper's Bazar.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE WAR EXPERT

By FINLEY P. DUNNE.

[Copyrighted, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.]

Mr. Dooley was reading the war news—not our war news, but the war news we are interested in—when Mr. Hennessy interrupted him to ask: "What's a war expert?"

"A war expert," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man ye niver heard iv befure. If ye can think iv annywan whose face is unfamiliar to ye an' ye don't raymimber his name an' he's got a job on a pa-aper ye didn't know was published, he's a war expert. 'Tis a har-rd office to fill. Whin a war begins th' timptation is sthrong f'r ivry man to grab hold iv a gun an' go to th' fr-ront. But th' war expert has to subjoo his cravin' f'r blood. He says to himsilf: 'Lave others seek th' luxuries iv life in camp,' he says. 'F'r thim th' boat races acrost th' Tugela, th' romp over th' kopje an' th' game iv laager—laager, laager, who's got th' laager?' he says. 'I will stand be me counthry,' he says, 'close,' he says. 'If it falls,' he says, 'it will fall on me,' he says. An' he buys himsilf a map made be a fortune teller in a dhream, a box iv pencils an' a field glass, an' goes an' looks f'r a job as a war expert. Says th' editor iv th' pa-aper: 'I don't know ye. Ye must be a war expert,' he says. 'I am,' says th' la-ad. 'Was ye iver in a war?' says th' editor. 'I've been in nawthin' else,' says th' la-ad. 'Durin' th' Spanish-American war I held a good job as a dhramatic critic in Dedham, Matsochoosets,' he says. 'Whin th' bullets flew thickest in th' Soodan I was spo-ortin' editor iv th' Christyan Advocate,' he says. 'I passed through th' Franco-Prooshan war an' held me place, an' whin th' Turks an' Rooshans was at each other's throats I used to lay out th' campaign ivry day on a checker board,' he says. 'War,' he says, 'has no turrors f'r me,' he says. 'Ye're th' man f'r th' money,' says th' editor. An' he gets th' job.

"Thin th' war breaks out in earnest. No mather how many is kilt, annything that happens befure th' war expert gets to wurruk is on'y what we might call a preliminary skirmish. He sets down an' bites th' end of his pencil an' looks acrost th' sthreet an' watches a man paintin' a sign. Whin th' man gets through he goes to th' window an' waits to see whether th' polisman that wint into th' saloon is afther a dhrink or sarvin' a warrant. If he comes r-right out, 'tis a warrant. Thin he sits back in a chair an' figures out that th' pitchers on th' wall pa-aper ar-re alike ivry third row. Whin his mind is thurly tuned up be these inthricate problems he dashes to his desk an' writes what you an' I read th' next day in th' pa-apers.

"Clarence Pontoon, th' military expert iv th' London Mornin' Dhram, reviewin' Gin'ral Buller's position on th' Tugela, says: 'It is manifest fr'm th' dispatches tellin' that Gin'ral Buller has crost th' Tugela river that Gin'ral Buller has crost th' Tugela river. This we r-read in spite iv th' cinsor. Th' question is which side he has crost to. On Friday he was on th' north side in th' mornin', an' on th' south side at night, an' in th' river at noon. We heerd nawthin' Sathurday mornin'. Th' presumtion is that they was nawthin' to hear. Therefore it is aisy to imagine Gin'ral Buller findin' his position on th' north side ontenable an' his position on th' south side onbearable, is thransportin' his troops up th' river on rafts an' is now engagin' th' inimy between Spitzozone an' Rottenfontein, two imminsely sthrong points. All this dimonsthrates th' footility an' foolishness iv attemptin' to carry a frontal position agains' large, well-fed Dutchmen with mud in th' fr-ront iv thim. I calc'late that it wud require thiry million thurly dauntless Britions to ixicute such a manoover, tin Boers ar-rmed with pop bottles bein' now considhered th' ekel iv a brigade. What I wud do if I was Buller, an' I thank hivin I'm not, wud be to move me ar-rmy in half an hour over th' high but aisily accessible mountains to th' right iv Crownjoy's forces, an', takin' off me shoes so he cudden't hear thim squeak, creep up behind th' Dutch an' lam their heads off. Afther this stroke 'twud be aisy f'r to get th' foorces iv Fr-rinch, Gatacre, Methoon an' Winston Churchill togither some afthernoon, invite th' inimy to a band concert, surround an' massacree thim. This adroit move cud be ixicuted if Roberts wud on'y make use iv th' ixcillint 'bus service between Hokesmith an' Mikesmith. It is exthraordinary that th' gin'ral on th' groun' has not seen th' possibilities so apparent at a distance.'

"That's wan kind iv war expert, Hinnissy. Another kind is th' wan that gives it good to th' gover-mint. Says William McGlue, war expert iv th' London Mornin' Growl, who's supposed to be cheek be jowl with Lord Wolseley: 'England's greatness is slippin' away. Th' failure iv th' gover-mint to provide a well-equipped, thruly pathriotic ar-rmy iv Boers to carry on this war undher th' leadership iv gallant Joobert is goin' to be our roonation. We ar-re bethrayed be a lazy, effete, side-whiskered, golf-playin' gover-mint that wud rather lose this fight thin win it because they ar-re tired iv holdin' office. What can be said f'r public men so lost to shame that they spell kopje with a "c" an' ar-re sindin' Englishmen to th' ends iv th' wurruld to fight f'r England? Down with thim!'

"Well, sir, 'tis a gr-reat thing f'r a counthry to have th' likes iv thim ar-round to direct manoovers that 'd be gatherin' dust on th' shelf if th' gin-rals had their say, an' to prove to th' wurruld that th' English ar-re not frivolous, excitable people like us an' the Frinch, but can take a batin' without losin' their heads."

"Sure," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis not thim that does th' fightin'. Th' la-ads with th' guns has that job."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "they'se two kinds iv fightin'. Th' experts wants th' ar-rmy to get into Pretoria dead or alive, an' th' sojers wants to get in alive. I'm no military expert, Hinnissy. I'm too well known. But I have me own opinyon on th' war. All this talk about th' rapid-fire gun an' modhern methods iv warfare makes me wondher. They'se not so much diff'rence between war now an' war whin I was a kid as they let on. Th' gun that shoots ye best fr'm a distance don't shoot ye so well close to. A pile iv mud is a pile iv mud now just th' same as it was whin Gin-ral Grant was pokin' ar-round. If th' British can get over th' mud pile they win th' fight. If they can't they're done. That's all they'se to it. Mos' men, sthrongest backs, best eyes an' th' ownership iv th' mud piles. That's war, Hinnissy. Th' British have th' men. They're shy iv backs, eyes an' mud piles, an' they will be until they larn that sheep-herdin' an' gin-ralship ar-re diff'rent things, an' fill up their ar-rmy with men that ar-re not fightin' f'r money or glory, but because they want to get home to their wives alive."

"Ye talk like an ol' book," said Mr. Hennessy in disgust. "Ye, with ye're maundhrin', ar-re no betther thin thim expert la-ads."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Dooley thoughtfully, "th' expert is sarvin' a useful purpose. Th' pa-apers says th' rapid-fire gun'll make war in th' future impossible. I don't think that, but I know th' expert will."

A Use for Liquid Air.

New York Letter.

In medical circles here a carefully prepared statement made by Dr. A. Cantwell White is causing great interest, since it is believed that Dr. White has made important discoveries respecting the beneficent use of liquid air in medicine and surgery. Dr. White gained local reputation some years ago as the first physician of New York to make successful use of anti-toxine. He became impressed some time ago with the possible virtue as a medical agent of liquid air and having consulted with Mr. Tripler was granted free use of Tripler's laboratory. In addition to that the Health Department offered him every opportunity that could be found in the laboratory of the department's hospital to make tests of the effect of liquid air on germ life.

His first experiments were in the direction of the healing of ulcers by means of liquid air, and he now feels justified in saying that so many cases of ulcers have been treated with success by this agent that it can be commended as the best means at the disposal of medical science for the cure of ulcers with little pain. Dr. White is of the opinion that the curative properties are due to the fact that liquid air is absolute coldness or almost that, without moisture. Recently Dr. White has put himself on record in these words:

"I think there is reason to hope that we have in liquid air a therapeutic agent which will remove obstinate superficial lesions of the body and which will certainly cure some that have heretofore resisted all treatment, including that of the knife. I am convinced that liquid air is a specific in the treatment of painful neuralgia accompanied by an eruption, sciatica, intercostal and facial neuralgia, and that it will afford instant and continued relief after one application over the spinal end of the affected nerve."

Furthermore, Dr. White has carried his experiment so far that he feels justified in saying that the use of liquid air in medicine, especially in pulmonary diseases and in the reduction of fever, opens a very large field which offers great hope for the future.

Kopjes and Soft Spots.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Kopjes and soft spots are conspicuous elements in the South African war. Kopjes are everywhere in evidence. They are rude, awkward, unfriendly facts which cannot be made to fit into any rational scheme of war as it ought to be fought. The best laid schemes of generals in the field and experts in London are brought to naught by the sudden appearance of a kopje, or two kopjes, or three, or more, placed just where they ought not to be—from the British point of view. The British do not love kopjes. But soft spots are quite different. They are conspicuous by their absence. They are shy, elusive, somewhere else. General Buller has been looking for a soft spot for weeks. He might escape the kopjes if he could find a soft spot. He has scoured the country and tapped the walls of Boer intrenchments from Hlangwane hill to Acton Homes, from Honger's poort to Potgeiter's drift and Dewdorp, and not a soft spot anywhere; only kopjes, kopjes, everywhere. Kopjes and soft spots are the grand facts of modern war. Fighters in the field and strategists by the fireside cannot know too much of kopjes and soft spots.

MACRUM A BOER AT HEART.

He Is Said to Have Been Working for Kruger Last October.

Chicago Special.

Bearing on the character of former Consul Macrum and on his official conduct while he represented the government of the United States at Pretoria the following extract from a letter written to a woman in Chicago by her brother, then in Johannesburg, will be of interest. The letter is under date of Oct. 25, 1899. Of Macrum the writer says:

"The American consul, Macrum, is a Boer of the first water. It is the opinion of everybody here that he is owned by Kruger, 'body, boots and breeches.' When our property was seized we protested against it, but our appeal to Macrum brought the reply: 'Well, if you can't get along without your property it is a good time for you to join the Transvaal army and help the burghers. Then you will get it back with big interest.'

"This is the kind of duck that your good President has sent to Pretoria. I understand he is an Ohio man, and I suppose it was thought best to send him where he could do no harm—to an uncivilized place in South Africa. Now he is suddenly put in a position of importance, and he has neither the brains nor the principles to keep him straight. It is a pity you did not keep him at home as a mayor or a congressman, where he could do no harm. It is rumored that he is to go home and take the stump for the Boer cause in America with a view to causing a breach of good feeling between the United States and Great Britain.

"I wish we had a man of sense here to represent the American government."

Otis Is a Worker.

Letter in New York Post.

General Otis is one whose face is wholly familiar from many pictures, some honest and some caricatures. The shaven chin with the ungraceful side beard framing it and the somewhat heavy cast of countenance are well known. Much has been written about the man. Some of it is true, some wholly false. I read a letter recently, alleged to have been written by a local correspondent, in which General Otis was pictured as a man of quite elegant leisure and a tendency to enjoy it. The writer told of his life in a palace, and implied that the principal business of the general was to ride in a comfortable carriage and to "fare sumptuously every day." He does live in what passes for a "palace" in this region; he does ride in a carriage; and I hope he fares sumptuously. I am no warm admirer of General Otis. His methods of working seem to me, as a business man, most unbusinesslike. But work he does, day in and day out, and far into the night, indefatigably, persistently, and conscientiously. He is the hardest worker on the islands. In that, it seems to me, lies his greatest error. He wastes endless time and strength in the doing and supervision of petty details. His work should be administrative, executive, that of direction, plan, and arrangement, broad, not narrow. He lives in a valley and works with a microscope, while his proper place is on a hilltop with a spy-glass. Some say he is in both places, using both instruments. That is not in human nature. His endurance is wonderful. He has been shot through the head, and suffers from loss of sleep. No criticism rests upon the amount of work he does, whatever may rest upon the kind of work and its results. He does enough work to kill most men.